THE New Republic

*The Passing Storm*

A New Poem by

Boris Pasternak

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# What Are the Prospects for An Independent Formosa?

*Denis Warner from Taipeh*

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Nixon as Hero and Heavy . . . . . *Editorial*

The Tree of Unhappiness . . *Daniel Friedenberg*

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SIX GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES

*Rockefeller (N. Y.), Lawrence (Penn.), Edmondson (Okla.), Brown (Calif.), Nelson (Wis.), DiSalle (Ohio)*

NOVEMBER 3, 1958

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# Washington Wire

## Forward Lunge

IF WE TRIED to expound the short-term factor in this campaign, we should guess that Eisenhower lost the election a year ago. A year ago, in 1957, economists well understood that we were in for a sharp recession and proposed energetic anti-recession remedies. The Administration vacillated—then decided to ride it out. Eisenhower didn't approve tax cuts or massive recovery steps on the ground they would cost too much. So now he is facing the same bill in another way: $12 billion-$13 billion in budget deficits. Income and corporation taxes collapse in a recession, you see, thus giving a species of anti-recession relief to certain groups, particularly to corporations and rich people. There are a lot of other issues, but recession and "lack of leadership" are the big ones. They will bring out the big anti-GOP protest vote.

But for the long term we think other forces are now at work. It is our guess that the country is getting more "liberal" in the sense that it feels unsolved problems jostling it. People are saying something really has to be done. The US alternates between dynamic and static periods. After FDR the country wanted to rest. Even Truman couldn't budge it much, and under Eisenhower we have just marked time. The problems haven't marked time. The expanding country is bursting out of its seams (schools, health, roads, everything); Russia has got the jump on us in defense. We are about ready for another forward lunge.

The rich conservatives sense this and are trying to hold things back. They can't. They threatened a kind of strike in campaign contributions against Eisenhower for being "too soft" and gave their money instead to hate groups and to crack-pot outfits which promise repeal of the income tax amendment. (Out in Utah one Radical Rightist, ex-Gov. J. Bracken Lee, actually seems likely to defeat poor old Senator Watkins (R) who is merely a conservative.) This has brought one of the strangest developments in years.

GOP leaders like Nixon and Meade Alcorn actually seem more interested in getting money than in getting votes. They have got popular hero Eisenhower out saying wild things too about "radicalism" and the labor movement, which seem as shocking in that context as catching the deacon in a speakeasy.

This is understandable, perhaps, but one thing really does surprise us, the lengths the GOP professionals are going to spurn the labor movement. There is the ridiculous campaign to make Walter Reuther a hate-figure; the referenda for "right-to-work" laws in half a dozen states; the whole misguided strategy of Knowland out in California; the constant harping on "radicalism" and alleged trade union "monopoly" (this in a nation where a few hundred giant corporations control two-thirds of the industrial economy!) and Eisenhower's snide remarks about labor bosses and the need to "fumigate" the whole movement. Normally, both parties fawn on any special group—the farmers, for example. Now the GOP comes close to making open war on labor. Does this mean that party lines are sharpening or that Republicans are desperate—or both?

## Ike and Dick

EISENHOWER'S political (as apart from personal) prestige is now so low that his partisan election tactics probably won't make his status much worse with the Democratic Congress in the next two years. This is probably a good thing. I find an odd reluctance among the President's admirers to talk about him. A queer sort of adjustment seems to be going on, to square the father image with the political image. One rationalization is simply to say, "I don't believe he means what he's saying." A Republican Wall Street broker told me last week that, high as the market is, he didn't think it would react very sharply to another Presidential illness. Everybody likes Ike, he said simply, but another attack?—he gave a significant shrug.

One of the prettiest political plays last week was Nixon's invasion of New York, forcing Senatorial candidate Nelson Rockefeller to breakfast with him. Rockefeller has been trying to disassociate himself from the party, puts few GOP labels on his advertising, publicly questioned the Nixon charge of Democratic "radicalism" and the Eisenhower use of the word "fumigate" for trade unions. But Nixon boldly forced him into a corner and then, on a TV program, suavely spent most of his time praising Keating, Rockefeller's running mate for Senator. Nixon isn't going to let it be said that Rockefeller won without Nixon's assistance.

## The 86th Congress

THE GREATEST IRONY of America's awkward political system is that the bigger the Democratic liberal sweep at this election the more potent become the Congressional committees over which the Southern conservatives preside as chairmen. Put more Democrats into Congress and Eastland's seniority grip on the Senate Judiciary Committee tightens, as does Byrd's on the Finance Committee. This situation is becoming intolerable. We believe Democratic Chairman Paul Butler has behaved with courage and conviction in saying firmly (and at the risk of his political life) that the civil rights issue won't be compromised. There's a showdown ahead here which may make a bigger political story than the election.

## Notes

THE *Norfolk* (Va) *Ledger-Dispatch* became the fourth Virginia daily in two weeks to abandon its editorial support of all-out resistance to school de-segregation. . . . And Dulles is quietly climbing down from an untenable position in Formosa.

Bernard Flanagan resigned three months ago as Civil Service Commissioner following disclosure that he had made 15 untrue statements on his application form; President Eisenhower has now cleaned up the mess by assisting Flanagan to a fat job as special assistant to Albert Cole, Housing and Home Finance Administrator.

**T.R.B.**

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## *Correspondence*

► **Lolita: *The Moral Issues***

SIRS:

YOUR lead editorial of October 27 takes me to task for having written in a review of *Lolita* that "to dwell on the book's more lurid side is to connive with witlessness." What I meant, of course, was the question of pornography rather

*(Continued on page 23)*

# Nixon: Hero and Heavy

FATE HAS not been kind to the Vice President. He has been given three star-roles to play simultaneously—chief exhorter of the party faithful, collector of campaign funds and candidate for the 1960 nomination. Although he is the most adept quick-change artist on the political stage today, even he is being sorely tried.

Soon after Labor Day, Republican headquarters had heard enough to know that the party was in trouble. Chairman Meade Alcorn began crying on Nixon's shoulder about defeatism in the provinces and the slowness with which money was coming in. New York friends of Nixon, such as Thomas E. Dewey, were telling him that Nelson Rockefeller was getting stronger every day. It was not necessary to draw Nixon a picture of what trouble that could mean for him in 1960. The immediate steps were obvious: get the party workers to work and get them money to work with. The regular organization was not just defeatist for lack of issues; it was disgusted with the Administration's amateurishness about patronage and all the things it takes to keep a party machine oiled and running. The regular sources of large contributions were not happy either with Eisenhower "moderation."

There was no secret about how to overcome apathy in both these key groups. Each would respond to a "slugging" attack. And unfortunately for the Vice President, there was no secret about who would lead it. He was it. The President wouldn't. The colorless Cabinet couldn't. Nixon had to try to be the hero and the heavy at the same time.

Every time he "poured it on" the "Democrat appeasers" and "socialists" he was losing potential votes among the moderate independents—without whom no Republican can win the Presidency. But, he could remind himself, you have to be nominated before you can be elected.

It is hard to say how effective the performance will prove to be. It seems a failure so far as turning this into another 1948. But he has been a success as cheer leader and money raiser. The campaign fund dinners he has addressed in 25 states have brought in an estimated three-quarters of a million. And Nixon may have so impressed himself on party regulars as the one man with the determination to fight their battles that he will remain the dominant political figure through the rest of this Administration. Certainly he has put the party organization in his debt and has large new reservoirs of gratitude to draw on at convention time, though there will be other competing emotions to reckon with if Nelson Rockefeller wins or comes close to winning in New York. In Rockefeller, Republican business groups have an attractive figure to build up as a substitute. As Governor of New York State, he would be automatically propelled into the race for President. As a close runner-up he would also become a national political figure with the right to ask and get an important post in the Administration. After his breakfast meeting with Rockefeller in New York, Nixon indicated that he fully understood how formidable an opponent for the nomination the

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New Yorker could be. He knows what a difference money can make. What Knowland was able to do in cutting off Knight's financial pipelines, he must realize, is nothing to what Rockefeller, through the Chase Bank, Standard Oil, etc. could do to make contributing to Nixon an unpopular practice.

Nixon, therefore, is unlikely to allow himself much of a holiday. A "good will" mission to England is already scheduled for next month as a way to recover the ground he lost in South America. (The State Department thought it unwise to include Western Europe, where Communist demonstrations are more prevalent.) And Nixon's close friend, Rep. Pat Hillings, after talking with the President and Vice President in California last week, stated he was "convinced that President Eisenhower had delegated his authority as head of the party to Dick Nixon."

# Democratic Majorities

ALTHOUGH the last-minute exertions of Republican leaders may save a Republican here or there from drowning, the Democratic tide will not be turned back. It remains only for us to learn how many new Democratic members of Congress there will be—from six to 15 in the Senate, and from 20 to 65 in the House. But if hats are to be tossed in the air in anticipation, they ought not to be tossed too high; for unless one equates progress with the election of any sort of Democrat, he must defer the celebration until the record of the next Congress has been written.

The number of perceptive and courageous Democratic candidates is remarkably high—and that is the most hopeful aspect of this election—but the Dodds, the Browns, the Hogans, the D'Alesandros, the McFarlands, the Byrds (in West Virginia as well as Virginia) are not the forerunners of Zion.

What this Democratic victory comes to mean will turn in part on which Democrats are elected, as well as on how many Democrats win. The number is important, as Mr. Nixon understands very well: In the last days of the campaign he warned that if too many of these "free spending" representatives get to Washington, they might be able to "overwhelm the moderate forces of the Republican Party and the Southern Democrats." If the coalition to which the Vice President refers is to give way to another kind of majority, one with the will and intelligence to rescue us from mediocrity, a great many new liberals will have to enter Congress; they must find ways of asserting legislative initiative—particularly in foreign affairs; they must subordinate private concerns to the deeper concerns of national survival; and they must have leadership far more venturesome than was evident in the last Congress.

# Chicago News (Limited)

ALTHOUGH relatively few Americans can exercise the right to publish a newspaper, those who own newspapers are relatively free to print what they choose. But what do they choose to print three weeks before a national election? We raise the question after reading two lambastings last week by Chicago papers of Margaret Halsey's polemical essay on Richard Nixon which appeared in *The New Republic* nine months ago.

The *Chicago Daily News* (circulation 600,000 daily) gives an outside, front-page column to Jack Mabley's opinion ("Anti-Nixonites Peddling Slime") that the article is "libelous" (we have yet to be sued), "vulgar," and that someone sent someone in Chicago a copy of it in a "plain brown envelope"—which puts it, according to Mr. Mabley, in the same class with "dirty pictures and Gerald L. K. Smith pamphlets." Only two sentences from the entire Halsey piece are quoted—and they refer not to Nixon but to Mr. Eisenhower. Miss Halsey is charged with having "the effrontery to criticize Joe McCarthy and to call Nixon a moral bankrupt."

The *Chicago Sun-Times* editorial indictment is more reserved. It gives its readers (540,000 daily) nothing from the article and asks them to believe that "the real measure" of its quality lies in the fact that some received it in "plain unmarked wrappers, like pornographic material."

But (praise private enterprise!), after reading these attacks in the metropolitan press, the publisher of the Chicago North Side Newspapers, Leo Lerner, decided to reprint the Halsey article "in full—as a public service."

# Matters of Fact

THE PRESIDENT'S off-the-cuff remarks may be less grammatical than the speeches that are given him to deliver, but correct syntax is no guarantee of accuracy. In his Chicago speech last week, Mr. Eisenhower said:

> The most deceptive notion taught by self-styled liberals is that when the economy starts to slow up, only a vast outpouring of your tax dollars will pump us out of trouble. . . . That is counterfeit logic. . . . We did not accept it, the radicals in Congress notwithstanding.

Didn't he? Cash spending by the federal government rose from $80 billion in fiscal 1957 to $83.3 billion in fiscal 1958 to an estimated $94.1 billion in the current fiscal year. This was one of the sharpest increases on record. True, most of it was "involuntary" (farm payments, social security, unemployment compensation being the main items). It is also true that the President resisted Democratic efforts to spend more—for housing, airports, depressed areas, and for loans to communities for public

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works. But it is still the fact that federal spending was by all odds the most important factor in pulling us out of the slump.

Inaccuracy No. 2: The President and Secretary Benson have on many occasions told us they have got rid of "rigid" price supports and that now farm prices are higher than when rigid supports were in effect. Said the President in Chicago: "Gross farm income, per capita income of farm people, land values, farm ownership—all these are up or at record highs."

Are they? "Rigid" means 90 percent of parity, and it affected only the six basic crops. Authority to reduce supports to as low as 75 percent was voted in 1954. As of September 15, 1958, these were the comparative prices:

| | *1953* | *1958* |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat | $1.92 | $1.69 |
| Rice | $4.87 | $4.77 |
| Corn | $1.50 | $1.13 |
| Cotton | $33.09 | $34.54 |
| Tobacco (supports not lowered) | $57.6 | $56.3 |
| Peanuts | $11.00 | $10.50 |
| Dairy products (butterfat) | $64.8 | $58.5 |

Remember, too, that the "parity price" is much higher now because the cost of things farmers buy has gone up. Thus, a 90 percent level today would be higher, not lower, than in 1953.

# Convalescent America

TWO NEWS items, one from Washington and one from Moscow, appeared side by side on the same day last week on the front page of *The New York Times*. The coincidence has more than casual significance. In one of them, Khrushchev announced an acceleration in Russian economic plans, designed to achieve many 1972 goals in 1965. In the other story, it was announced that our gross national product rose by $11 billion in the third quarter of this year and that the US may thus reach *pre*recession levels by the end of 1958.

The Russian workers, it is true, frequently do not meet their planners' targets, but in heavy industry they often come close to it. And the new targets are impressive: a 68 percent increase in steel output by 1965, and increases of 179 percent in iron ore and 80 percent in pig iron by the same year. The Russians, as once did the Americans, are thinking big. Although their consumer goals are lower, even they include such substantial promises as a 46 percent increase in shoe output and a 66 percent rise in wool fabric yardage.

It is some comfort that we will be in a position to *resume* American economic growth at the beginning of 1959, that our current annual growth rate of slightly above 2 percent is 2 percent of a much larger base than the Soviets have yet achieved, and that the Russians have a long way to go before they can match us in consumer satisfactions. But we are sleep-walking if we think we have done well to recover 72 percent of our recession losses. If present tendencies persist, the Soviet economy will soon be as large as our own, and the consequences of that throughout the world are awesome.

# The Prize to Pasternak

THERE CAN hardly be any response other than happiness at the award of the Nobel Prize to Boris Pasternak. *Doctor Zhivago*, the novel in which he portrays the spiritual and material misery of life in Communist Russia during the past several decades, is not a sudden achievement; it comes as the climax in the work of a writer who, by the stubborn purity of his devotion to the life of art, has throughout his career helped to redeem the values of freedom and disinterestedness. This, to the Soviet authorities, is to say that "he chose the path of shame and ignominy."

Of Pasternak's poetry we have only snippets in translation, one of the most recent of which we are proud to publish in this issue of *The New Republic*. Like the other great 20th-Century poets, Pasternak is concerned with a group of recurrent themes: the struggle of the self to survive in an inhuman age, the effort of an increasingly self-conscious intellectual to find renewal in the contemplation of and even surrender to the sensuous natural world, and a desire to see history not as the final test of experience but as an element of experience that must itself be tested by those moral standards that men try so painfully to preserve. And these, of course, are also the themes of *Doctor Zhivago*.

Even critics who were less enthusiastic about the literary merits of this novel than was Irving Howe in this journal (September 8, 1958), have recognized that *Doctor Zhivago* comes to us as a major statement, perhaps the culmination of that modern tradition—a tradition that includes the work of such men as Orwell, Camus, Silone and Milosz—in which the idea of freedom becomes an overwhelming passion. Pasternak, to be sure, deserves the prize purely in terms of his literary achievement; he would have deserved it even before the appearance of *Doctor Zhivago*. But there is no reason to deny that the award at this moment has political motives and implications. How could it not? How could any sensitive human being fail to be stirred not only by the ideas that are implicit in *Doctor Zhivago*, but also by the dramatic circumstances in which the book has come to us? (It is not yet available in the USSR; in the Soviet view it is an "artistically squalid, malicious work replete with the hatred of socialism.")

We think it no blemish on this occasion to suggest that the award to Pasternak may help young Russian readers

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understand that the free men of the West wish to communicate with them not through atomic missiles, but in terms of the love for freedom and respect for individuality which come through in the work of their own greatest writer.

# Gomulka's Retreat

THE SECOND anniversary of the "Polish October" has passed without a single mention in the Polish press: Mr. Gomulka no longer considered it expedient to recall publicly the revolutionary events which brought him to power, especially on the eve of his present state visit to the Soviet Union. He has indeed held a plenary session of his party's Central Committee *before* that visit, from October 15 to 18, contrary to the assumption expressed here two weeks ago. But the report he delivered there has only served to confirm our view—that he has steadily whittled down the October achievements in order to consolidate the unity and monopolistic rule of his party, and that in overcoming the anti-Communist forces he dislikes he has also undermined the national independence he would like to preserve.

In that sense, the Polish Central Committee meeting has marked another milestone on the road back. For the first time since October, 1956, there was no overt opposition to Gomulka from the remaining Stalinists, and all decisions were taken unanimously. Gomulka announced that nearly 800 "revisionists," *i.e.* advocates of a genuine loosening of one-party rule, had been expelled from the party, and rightly concluded that the Stalinists had been silenced by this evidence of the new leadership's orthodoxy. He now feels able to call the party congress (which last year had to be postponed from fear it could not be controlled) for next March, shortly after the expected congress of the Soviet Communist Party, and to confine its agenda to the adoption of the new Seven-Year-Plan (which will be integrated with the corresponding Soviet plan) of directives for Polish agriculture of a new party statute. The election of a new Central Committee at that Congress will finally consecrate Gomulka's inner-party victory—gained this time not over Soviet resistance as two years ago, but with Soviet backing.

The reasons for that backing are evident enough from other parts of Gomulka's report. Writers and artists, professors and students, theatre and film people and even the editors of illustrated journals are warned that action may be taken to clear their heads and their works of the "post-revisionist fumes," *i.e.* of the remnants of the intoxication of freedom—remnants which in Gomulka's own view now manifest themselves hardly any more in what they write, only in what they fail to write! The crippled substitutes for the Workers Councils that are still permitted to vegetate are to be used as instruments for relaunching the hated campaigns of "Socialist Labor Competition" to raise the output norms. A parallel campaign in the country-side is to try and enlighten the peasants once again about the economic advantages of collectivization, though Gomulka still insists that no pressure is to be used.

For all that, Gomulka is doubtless sincere in repeating his claim that "the Polish people are governed in an independent and sovereign manner and nobody interferes with their internal affairs," and that "the unbreakable Polish-Soviet friendship is founded on the basis of this truth." It may not occur to him that but for that pressure on the Polish nation as a whole he could never have succeeded. Non-interference means to him merely the recognition of his right to exercise his own judgment in determining the pace and manner in which Poland moves in the same direction as the rest of the Soviet bloc.

# As the British Pull Out

THE LANDING of the British last July in Jordan was in a sense a cause of disequilibrium. Even though they may have saved King Hussein from the immediate threat of a coup like the one a few days earlier in Iraq, the British arrival gave President Gamal Abdel Nasser clear proof he could cite that Hussein was the puppet of the "Western imperialists" and the enemy of Arab nationalism.

Of all the outside forces bearing on Jordan, now that the last of the British paratroopers are pulling out, Nasser is by far the strongest. His Radio Cairo and his "unofficial" Voice of the Arabs are the most popular stations among Jordanian radio listeners, who risk having the King's security police break up their sets and being sent off to desert concentration camps if caught listening to the forbidden programs. Hussein holds the devotion of a small group of Bedouins, but Nasser is the popular hero of the rest of the country.

But any plans Nasser may have to swallow up Jordan in his United Arab Republic appear to have been checked by Israel, whose army is by far the strongest military force in the Middle East. The Israelis continue to hint that they will grab Jordan's "West Bank," the territory west of the Jordan River, rather than permit UAR troops to man the Jordanian bulge that nearly surrounds Jerusalem and comes within eight miles of reaching the Mediterranean and cutting Israel in two.

From Nasser's point of view, Jordan is no prize package. The prestige of swinging another country into his orbit would be offset by the task of looking after a half million more refugees and the necessity of finding something more than $30 million a year to keep the Jordanian economy going. (With heavy arms expenditures and the US paying the bill, this deficit has risen to something above $100 million for the current year.)

A complicating factor in the situation is the almost

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universal Arab belief that the rout of the Egyptian army by the Israelis in the Sinai desert in 1956 was not a defeat at all but a deliberate strategic withdrawal. Even sophisticated and well-educated Arabs in Syria, Jordan and Iraq have been generally taken in by this Egyptian propaganda line. Their unrealistic disregard of Israel's military strength leads many West Bank Jordanians, for example, to say they would not flee before an Israeli invasion but would wait a week or so for the inevitable surge of victorious Arab troops returning to "drive the Jews into the sea."

Nasser, presumably, has a more realistic view of Israeli strength and is willing for the present to build his prestige on achievements like obtaining a Russian loan for a nominal start on the Aswan Dam.

# Galluppollosity

OUR SKEPTICAL view of Galluppollism or Galluppollosity (whatever the correct term) received support from a questionnaire sent out by the Midwest Debate Bureau to "the leading authorities of the United States upon the problems of nuclear power and nuclear weapons." The first question read:

> Let us assume that an international agreement is reached to prohibit the further development of nuclear weapons. Do you feel that the United States could trust the leaders of Russia to honor their part of such an agreement?

Roughly half the authorities consulted answered "yes," the other half "no." Here, one would say, was a sharp division of opinion. But in this case, as is not the case in Gallup Polls, the respondents were allowed to extend their *yes* or *no* answers by brief comment. What the resulting comments show is that the preponderance of those answering "yes" were really saying, "yes—if effective controls are established"; while the preponderance of those answering "no" were saying, "no—unless effective controls are established." Here "yes" and "no" meant the same thing.

# Never on the Rocks

THE item, as the saying goes, writes itself. We refer to the opening in Houston on November 17 of the Tidelands Club, "a private club for Texas millionaires."

There will obviously be no bar. It will be the continental shelf. For the lesser millionaires there will be an outer shelf. If the grand salon is not named the Lyndon Johnson Room there is no gratitude in Houston. It is uncertain whether the oath of loyalty will be required only once or each time a member enters. It will require, assuredly, each tidelander to love, honor and uphold the 27.5 percent depletion allowance.

# Khrushchev on the Nile

IN GRANTING Nasser a loan sufficient to get construction of the Aswan High Dam started, the Soviet Union has again shown its awareness of the political importance of water. (Terms of the $100 million loan are undisclosed, but other underdeveloped countries have received long-term credits from the Soviets at 2.5 percent interest.) To the people of underdeveloped countries, hydro-economic projects mean more water for personal use, better agriculture, more food, more power, greater opportunity for industrialization. Its importance is understood not only by the more sophisticated (who also appreciate steel mills and cement factories) but by the simple cultivator whose horizon ends at his irrigation ditch.

The grant to Nasser is the first instance of Russian utilization of hydropolitics well beyond the belt of countries contiguous to the Soviet Union. It is, however, a move that may open up many further opportunities. To illustrate, once Nasser has completed the first stage of the construction, exhausting the present loan, he will have to get money for the next stage, and so on until completion of the dam. The Russians, to whom he will still owe money, are the ones to whom he is most likely to turn for a further loan. With the loan will come hosts of technicians to supervise, advise, control, check, survey and "assist." Located in Southern Egypt near the Sudanese border, the dam gives the Soviets new opportunities for snooping in the delta area.

At some stage the backed-up waters of the Aswan Dam will begin flooding Sudanese territory—that is, territory which the UAR considers Sudanese administered but Egyptian soil. The failure of the Sudan and the UAR to agree on the Nile waters' repartition is one reason advanced, two years ago, for Washington's refusal to grant Egypt's loan request. The UAR is likely now to increase Egyptian pressure on the Sudan, either by overt political and economic maneuvers or by covert subversion, perhaps with a view to overthrowing the present Sudanese government and "integrating" the Sudan into the UAR. "Unity of the Nile Valley" is more than a nationalist slogan. One can only speculate on what would obtain politically: Will the Sudan shift from its pro-Western neutralism to open alliance with the US? Will the UAR thus come to depend on Soviet military aid not only in relation to Israel but also in relation to the Sudan, and will Soviet military advisers assist the UAR in a military buildup in the Nile Valley as they did in the Sinai desert?

The Nile, however, does not involve only Egypt and the Sudan. Hydropolitically, the Nile basin—like any river basin—is a unit, and Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and even the Belgian Congo control areas of that basin. If it chooses to back Egypt in hydropolitical moves up the Nile, the USSR would be bringing the Cold War into Africa.

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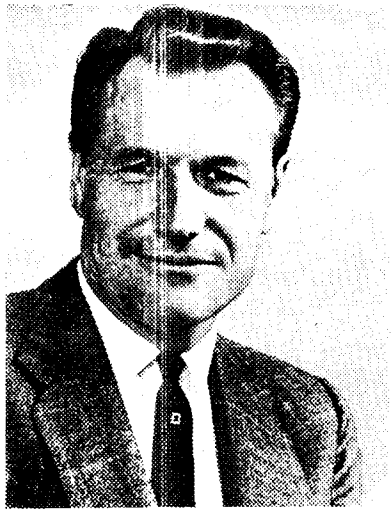
*Concluding Report*

# New Faces



ROCKEFELLER

EDMONDSON

**NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER** is a Republican who is running more like a liberal Democrat than most Democrats who are gubernatorial candidates in 1958. No one knows how upstate Republicans are reacting to Rockefeller's downstate appeal to labor-liberal-minority voters —and whether distaste for Tammany (which Rockefeller insists is *the* issue) will be cancelled out by solidarity among voters of Italian origin (DeSapio's our boy).

When Eleanor Roosevelt said on October 26 that she had not made up her mind whether to vote for DeSapio's hand-picked candidate for Senator—Frank Hogan—she was reflecting in a calculated manner widespread punish-DeSapio sentiment. A considerable number of liberal voters—big and little "l"—were enraged by DeSapio's rough rejection of Mr. Harriman's Senatorial choice, Thomas K. Finletter. The question that will never be answered is whether DeSapio is removing the possibility of punishment by quietly undercutting Harriman in difficult-to-trace recesses of his machine. He has been publicly attacking Rockefeller, but there are those who believe this helps more than it hurts. One theory is that DeSapio suspects a post-election move by Harriman and Mayor Wagner to knock him off his perch, and would rather do the unthinkable (which is to forsake Albany patronage) than chance a challenge to his leadership by a victorious Harriman. He may reason that the big prize is absolute control of the party and the '60 delegation.

A rival, equally plausible theory is that DeSapio in taking center-stage simply wants to make the most of Rockefeller's attacks on him: there are 700,000 voters of Italian origin in the state (pollster Louis Harris' estimate). Supporting this theory is the fact that the Republicans "don't have an Italian on the ticket," while the Democrats do.

The dilemma for normally Democratic and Liberal voters has been symbolized in the tortured silence of the *New York Post*. One week before Election Day, *The Post* had not made up its mind. Rockefeller's bid for independent and Democratic Liberal votes has been dramatized by his dissent from the President's "tough" campaign line and his attempt to avoid identification with Nixon: but it's been built solidly around specific issues, so solidly that the question of Old Guard defection (and obstruction later on) persists. He has rejected running-mate Malcolm Wilson's stand for a one-year residence requirement for newcomers to the relief rolls. This has a special appeal for Puerto Ricans, and Rockefeller reinforces this appeal (in fluent Spanish speeches) with a pledge for stronger anti-discrimination laws. He talks of plugging loopholes in the rent control laws and channeling low-interest state loans into middle-income housing; of supplemental medical insurance; of a state Department of Transportation to improve service for New York's 300,000 commuters-by-rail, and of state intervention to hold the New York subway fare down to 15 cents. His much emphasized campaign charge that New York could have had an additional $5 billion annually in over-all income if state industrial growth had kept pace with neighboring Connecticut and New Jersey is converted into a nice round $650, which, he says, would have been the average worker's but for Harriman's lassitude. (Harriman rejoins that the state has risen from eighth in the nation in per capita income in 1953 to third.) Rockefeller sharply opposes a state right-to-work law; but he was noncommittal when asked about federal legislation barring state right-to-work laws.

Rockefeller's position on the issues conforms to his lifelong personification of *noblesse oblige* at its best; to his personal friendship with such men as David Dubinsky, and to his wife Tod's former registration in the Liberal Party. Some voters will reason that a vote for this impressive man of 50 is a vote against Nixon's nomination in '60: but "not more than 10,000 would go through that kind of sophisticated logic," observed one of the politicos who helped Harriman win his '54 victory by 11,000 votes.

**J. HOWARD EDMONDSON**—With Orval Faubus' Arkansas due east and Lyndon Johnson's Texas due south, Oklahoma's State House occupies a middle ground in Democratic political geography. Sen. Robert S. Kerr, who commands a multi-million dollar fortune and a strong personal machine (in contrast to Sen. A. S. "Mike" Monroney, who has a good name but neither of these), normally looks south to Lyndon—and would no doubt cast more than a glance in that direction in

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1960. Kerr, however, doesn't preside over State House patronage, and the 33-year old political newcomer who is almost certain to be in the State House after Election Day (Republican Phil Ferguson is rated a lost cause) is likely to wheel and deal with considerably more freedom. "The brothers Edmondson" — gubernatorial candidate Howard and 39-year old Second District Representative Ed (who managed Howard's upset primary victory)— are expected to have much to say about Oklahoma's 28 votes at the Democratic national convention; what they say, it is also expected, will have less to do with ideology than with some sizable Edmondson ambitions.

Their model is not Faubus. Oklahoma Negroes were behind Howard Edmondson in the bitter July primary, and there's something of a family tradition on civil rights: as chairman of the Muskogee County commissioners in the 30's, the Edmondsons' late father hired the first Negro employee in courthouse history; as Tulsa County attorney 20 years later, Howard hired the first Negro investigator; Ed Edmondson, in the House, was the only Oklahoma Democrat to vote for the 1957 civil rights bill. There's no doubt that Howard Edmondson, as Governor, would not only continue the school integration launched under Governor Raymond Gary but might sympathize more than previous Governors with the state's drift away from its border-state past.

Compared to his predecessors, red-haired "Nugget" Edmondson looks intelligent, and some Oklahomans are predicting the most constructive state leadership in years. In the run-off primary Edmondson's opponent, an extremely wealthy real estate developer, spoke of business growth and sided with rural "dry" sentiment on the prohibition issue. Edmondson won his 204,000-vote victory (the biggest primary majority in Oklahoma history) by gambling that the public—especially urban voters who have in him a champion—had grown tired of fence-straddling on such "good government" issues as highway commission reform and legislative reapportionment. This meant challenging well-established interests and might mean a stalemate for Edmondson in the Legislature (on the prohibition issue he stayed in the middle, promising enforcement of existing laws and a vote on repeal).

Edmondson's appeal to the comparatively educated and sophisticated voters in city and suburbia is in good part a TV appeal: he held his audience one night against the Lone Ranger; some say he wouldn't have been in the running without TV and its female devotees. His critics also suggest that he's heavily indebted to certain leaders of the Tulsa oil aristocracy who financed his campaign; that as Tulsa county attorney he was most at home with socialites and far-right businessmen; and that he's yet to take a stand on the right-to-work issue. Edmondson describes Edmondson as "moderate," disowning what he regards as the two equally-to-be-avoided extremes of Hubert Humphrey and Harry F. Byrd. One experienced Oklahoma observer predicts that "the liberals will be far more disappointed in him than the conservatives."

The question of who's most likely to be disappointed has national interest for the simple reason that Oklahoma Governors can't succeed themselves. In 1962—the year that J. Howard Edmondson ends his term at the ripe old age of 37—Senator Monroney is up for re-election. Senator Kerr comes up in '60 and again in '66. The week after Howard won his primary victory he flew to Washington; the brothers paid their respects to Kerr and to Monroney, solemnly promising that neither Edmondson had his eye on the Senate for '60 or '62. But if an Oklahoma vacancy should occur in the Senate before January, 1963, the man appointed by the Governor to fill the unexpired term would probably be named Edmondson—and some Oklahomans are convinced that in any case the brothers Edmondson intend eventually to occupy simultaneously Oklahoma's seats in the Senate.

GAYLORD NELSON—Two of the Big Three in Wisconsin's postwar Democratic revival—Senator William Proxmire and Representative Henry Reuss—are well-to-do city boys whose political inspiration came from the New Deal. The third, who is this year's gubernatorial candidate, is a small-town boy and an authentic latter-day product of LaFollette progressivism. Gaylord Nelson's father, a country doctor in Clear Lake (pop. 795), was a prominent LaFollette man; young Nelson, after a University of Wisconsin education and a brief flirtation with Republicanism, became a leader in the 1948 shift of old Progressives to Democratic ranks. His style is normally slow-motion and soft-sell—in private and on the platform—but "when he gets mad," says an admirer, "he gives an old-fashioned barn-burner that sends goose-pimples up and down your spine like none of the others."

Nelson's campaign against incumbent GOP Governor Thomson has been vigorous enough to frighten Republicans (who had been putting all their money into stopping Proxmire), and if he makes it—it is rated a toss-up as of two weeks before the polling—Nelson will be Wisconsin's first Democratic Governor since 1932.

The same political winds that are blowing good for Democrats in adjacent Minnesota and Michigan have given a decided lift to Nelson's hopes—and the hopes not only for Proxmire's re-election but for an upset victory by the Democratic candidate in the Third Congressional district, Norman Clapp, brother of TVA's Gordon Clapp. He is being helped too by Republican feuds (Thomson angered the right-wing by opposing a right-to-work law) and by ten years of Democratic spadework in the state. And the campaign itself has produced issues favoring Nelson. He has found Republican newspaper sympathy for his charges that Governor Thomson did not take advantage of available Federal funds for highway construction and used four dummy state corporations

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NELSON

LAWRENCE

to get around a $100,000 state debt limitation. This "bootleg borrowing," Nelson alleges, has meant higher interest payments at the expense of the taxpayers.

Fear of a sales tax is giving him some trouble, for Proxmire, in his three campaigns for Governor, relentlessly pursued this issue, and Thomson was forced to make an election-eve pledge in 1956 not to resort to this method of taxation. The state is still in the red, however, and Nelson does not rule out the possibility of a sales tax; he promises a broad "impact study" of state finances.

The 42-year-old State Senator went into the campaign unbruised by two bitter intra-party wars. He is a product of the "Madison group"—as distinguished from the "Milwaukee group"—that is identified with William Evjue's *Capital Times* (the paper's chief editorial writer, Miles McMillen, advises Nelson). But Nelson did not get involved when one Madison-backed candidate won the party chairmanship last fall, or when a Milwaukee party warhorse was defeated for national committeewoman this spring.

**DAVID L. LAWRENCE**—By 1950 David Lawrence—then starting his second term as Pittsburgh's mayor—had climbed to that pinnacle of power from which an uncommon political boss every so often perceives the statesman's Olympian vistas. His control over the city Democratic organization had reached the point where no ward chairman or fat-cat (or combination of them) could do other than pay his respects; he had beaten back the last serious mayoral challenger and had shown his absolute grip on all nine members of the all-Democratic City Council. Fortuitously, the Republican Mellon family chose the period of Lawrence's transmutation from boss to mayor for initiating a "Pittsburgh Renaissance" which was to become a model for all US urban redevelopment. Lawrence gave bold political leadership to the Mellon plan, and now, at 68, is almost certain to become Governor of Pennsylvania.

The shrewd respect for big stakes—as well as big risks—which makes Lawrence a most uncommon machine man (and one of two or three top powers in national Democratic affairs) was shown in some very iffy political steps which had to be taken to bring the Mellon revival into being. Smoke control meant outlawing soft coal, which antagonized not only coal labor but homeowners and industrial consumers who weren't sure smog was so bad when the alternative turned out to be higher-priced fuels and filters (the issue generated so much political steam that a primary opponent running on this issue in 1949 came within 20,000 votes of catching up to Lawrence in his last critical campaign). Lawrence had to sit hard on his ward chairmen to reorganize the health department—long a dumping ground for job-seekers. Slum clearance irked displaced property owners; racket-busting called for a showdown with superannuated police officials (he "persuaded" three old-time inspectors to retire and three more are said to be on their way out this year). But the reward for risk-taking has been bigger-than-ever majorities in Pittsburgh's independent and Republican wards, more rather than less power over his machine, and national recognition (the 1955 award of the US Conference of Mayors).

To his enemies he is "David the King"; but for the Mellons' timing, they say, people wouldn't so easily forget some of the early episodes in his career. As the power behind the 1934-38 regime of Democratic Governor George Earle, Lawrence stood trial on a charge of conspiring to provide sub-standard gravel to the state and again on a charge of "macing" state employees for political contributions. He was acquitted both times by Republican juries and still bitterly charges that he was politically framed.

Lawrence left high school at 14 to go to work as a stenographer in the office of the city Democratic chairman. At 31 he was already known for his crack-the-whip style and was himself county Democratic chairman.

Although he's short on formal education and is respected more for native insight than for intellectual depth, Lawrence, who has backed the eventual Democratic nominee at every convention since 1928, doesn't back away from literate (or liberal) Democratic candidates—Adlai Stevenson being the most conspicuous example. He was recovering from an eye operation when he first heard Stevenson on "Meet the Press" in '52: "I remember a conversation several days later," says a friend; "he seemed tremendously and quite honestly taken with Adlai's ideas and the manner in which he was able to present them." In '52 Lawrence and former Indiana Governor Henry Schricker were the first professionals to get behind the Illinois amateurs then organizing the Stevenson draft. While he's not saying much about '60, Stevenson's name is all he so far is offering his friends.

**MICHAEL V. DISALLE**—In his five terms as Governor of Ohio, Senator Frank Lausche liked to be thought of as a "bipartisan Democrat." The Ohio Democratic Party was little more than a collection of sovereign politi-

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cal principalities. Fifty-year old "Mike" DiSalle's election as Governor this year would have national import not only because of the prominence of the "right-to-work" issue in his contest with Republican incumbent William O'Neill, but because DiSalle is determined to revitalize the Ohio Democratic organization.

When he got the nomination two years ago for the race against Governor O'Neill, DiSalle promptly put in his own man as Ohio Democratic chairman. Then, after losing by 425,000 votes (Adlai Stevenson lost Ohio by twice that number), DiSalle and chairman-elect William Coleman undertook to bring about a statewide Democratic revival which has resulted in a burst of new Democratic candidates for Congressional and state offices normally abandoned to the Republicans (all but five seats for the state lower house are contested this year, compared to 20 uncontested seats in '56). In contrast to Lausche, DiSalle travels in a caravan with other Democratic candidates.

As Governor and as a former mayor of Toledo, DiSalle, with statewide fences in repair and with new patronage power, would have an influential role when Ohio casts its 58 votes at the '60 convention. And a DiSalle delegation would be a distinct improvement over a Lausche-influenced delegation; DiSalle is not only a down-the-line New Dealer but so strongly committed to a firm civil rights position that southern members of the National Committee have made a special effort on successive occasions to deny him the national chairmanship.

While O'Neill has made support for the "right-to-work" amendment his major campaign issue, DiSalle has played down his own opposition—merely stating his preference and saying it's a matter for the people to decide. "He doesn't backtrack on his position," says a Cleveland newsman, "but it's not something he keeps repeating." When a business group first proposed putting "right-to-work" on the ballot this year, Governor O'Neill and Senator John Bricker tried desperately to stall them. But when the group insisted, O'Neill decided to make what he could of it.

DiSalle in the old days in Washington (when he was a forceful administrator of the Office of Price Stabilization) was famous for a roly-poly 215 pounds. Now he's down to 180 and looks like the successful businessman he is—he's chairman of the board of the US Hoffman Engineering Company as well as a successful Toledo lawyer.

DISALLE

BROWN

**EDMUND G. BROWN**—"Gentlemen," said Pat Brown at a recent $100-a-plate testimonial dinner in Los Angeles for running-mate Clair Engle, "I am very happy to be here." And he sat down. Brown's concern for Brown, and for eschewing guilt by association with any controversial issue, are well-known and have been discussed in an earlier study of the candidate (*NR*, June 30, 1958). His victory on November 4 may by its very size lose some of its luster. Many Democrats will be wishing he had said more and won by less. Not many outside California will be stirred by the fact that the man who benefitted from Republican division and Knowland's ineptitude is a faceless fellow named Brown. (On the other hand, if Brown comes in by a landslide and Engle is buried, many will be greatly stirred.)

Brown's majority, however, might have one very important by-product—a Democratic majority of unprecedented dimensions in the state legislature and, as a consequence, reapportionment of California's legislature and Congressional seats. And his place at the head of the California delegation in '60 is also a fact of no little importance. Civil rights is one issue on which Brown's credentials are sworn to. He promises a state FEPC "with teeth"; he has said that in '60 he would fight for a civil rights stand similar to Truman's '48 plank. As a matter of personal inclination and politics (and Brown does have personal inclinations on many matters, and does keep better-informed than one would judge from his campaign), he is counted in the Williams-Humphrey camp.

On all the bread and butter issues, Brown is one with the liberal tradition; he sees his Democratic affiliation in plain terms of the people versus privilege. Interviewer Gene Marine asked him in behalf of the West Coast magazine *Frontier* how he differs from Knowland and got this reply:

> I think you'd have to look at his background, and then look at mine. I sold papers, earned my own living —assisted in it, rather—from the time I was 12. I didn't have a nickel when I got out of law school—not a nickel. I represented labor unions. I worked with all kinds of people.
>
> I think that the State's principal job is to make life a little more comfortable for the average human being. That takes in not just social problems like discrimination and old age, but highway safety, things like that. Even getting a guy home from work five minutes faster.
>
> I think Knowland looks at things from a pretty cold, budgetary viewpoint.

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"No man is an island
entire of itself"

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# What Are the Prospects for An Independent Formosa?

INITIATING a discussion in these pages of Formosa's future (*NR*, Oct. 6), Michael Lindsay offered a corrective to what he considered the outdated stereotype of Nationalist corruption and autocracy. A UN-supervised plebiscite, he maintained, "would do nothing at all to produce a settlement because the present government would very likely win the election." In an article the following week, John K. Fairbank agreed that "self-determination through letting an electoral process function is probably the most we can hope for"—*i.e.* a new order evolving out of the Chiang regime—but warned that "the Communists can be expected to press their claim to Formosa. . . ."

DENIS WARNER, who resumes the discussion, is an Australian specialist on the Far East who represented *The Daily Telegraph* of London for many years and was a Harvard Nieman Fellow. In his report from Taipeh on an "unbelievably complex" situation, he says that "the Formosans after years of subservience have no idea what they want." And he concludes that "by tacit agreement on both sides of the Strait, Formosa seems likely to remain part of one China."

by DENIS WARNER

*Taipeh*

WHILE the Communist guns were hammering Quemoy, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had two principal fears. He was afraid, as were all experienced military men here, that the weight of the Communist bombardment would destroy the Nationalist gun positions and the garrison's effective defense capabilities: but he was even more fearful of the concessions the United States might make in the interests of a peaceful settlement of the Far Eastern crisis. In each case, the fears, if not groundless, were at least allayed. The Communists fired an astonishing total of 22,000 rounds of artillery shells against a bracket of four Nationalist gun positions on Big Quemoy, temporarily putting two of the guns out of action but silencing none. At Warsaw, their diplomatic artillery thundered even more loudly and seemingly with less prospect of success. Peking's insistence that the United States had five "passes" to cross before there could be any basis even for negotiation left no room for the compromise solution that Chiang feared most, since the "passes," "to stop escorting, to stop military provocations and war threats, to stop interfering in China's internal affairs (*i.e.* in Formosa), and to withdraw all its armed strength from Formosa and the Pescadores," could scarcely have been scaled in their entirety by even the most ardent appeaser.

It escaped neither the Communists nor the most dogged Nationalists, however, that the Quemoy crisis had brought about a metamorphosis in the Republic of China. For the first time, hard-headed realism had run head on into the Nationalists' dogma of return, which the United States in the past had accepted with sympathy but disbelief. In the light of its commitments to Chiang, Washington had little enough room for maneuver when it went to Warsaw for talks with the Chinese Communists; it would have had no basis for talking at all if it had been committed, even by implication, to backing his pledge to "liberate" the mainland. Mr. Dulles' public rejection of the Chiang doctrine was therefore a necessary, but astringent, task. It denied in advance the Communist charge of hypocrisy: but, inevitably, it hurt in Taipeh, where, in the first years of exile, this make-believe had important political and psychological overtones.

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Without such a doctrine, the Kuomintang could scarcely have survived the demoralization of the mainland rout in 1949. It was its justification for its continued claim to China's seat in the Security Council and to be heard as the voice of China. It was the cure for defeatism, the one hope for the future. Nationalist staff officers poring over maps of the China coast drafted plans for invasions that covered almost every beach from Shanghai to the Tongking border. School teachers drilled the children in it. And like Coue followers who derive some comfort from signs over their desks proclaiming that every day in every way they are getting better—even when quite clearly they are not—the Nationalists got solace from their belief. It tided them over the early and critical period of Formosan hostility: it was the straw in the bricks they used to build anew in the island that had become their seat of Government and only domain.

Yet now, abruptly, almost brutally, Mr. Dulles found that the Nationalists, "under their own steam," were not likely to get to the mainland and that, in any event, the US had no commitment of any kind to help them in their self-appointed task.

Shock was the first reaction. Chiang Kai-shek was variously reported as "dismayed" and "angered" and "concerned with the lack of understanding in many places." But Chiang's dismay did not conceal what many Chinese here were reluctantly prepared to concede as true. For a long time before Mr. Dulles spoke, Nationalist leaders, even Chiang himself, had begun to soften the edges of the dogma. They no longer saw themselves as leading a military expedition to China as the forerunner of an internal revolt, but waiting to spring to action when the counter-revolution signalled zero hour.

THE Nationalist argument is that the preconditions for revolt in China exist today just as they existed in Hungary in 1956, that whereas the Hungarian uprising failed because of the lack of effective, indigenous external support, a Chinese uprising could succeed because of the availability here of a well-trained and well-equipped Army of more than twenty divisions and an Air Force, which though numerically inferior, has proved itself materially superior in action with the Communists.

The argument is plausible. Mao Tse-tung's doctrine of the hundred blossoms produced such a crop of dangerous intellectual weeds that the seeds of disaffection clearly exist in this class. Nationalist agents also report widespread anger among the peasants. They are said to resent the hardships imposed by the insatiable demands of the Government in stoking the fires of industrialization and to be in violent opposition to the recently announced "People's Commune" program. To home-loving, epicurean Chinese the thought of living in dormitories and eating in mess halls is abominable: this will, they insist, cause a rash of uprisings which will find sympathetic support even in the ranks of the Red Army.

The conception of the intellectuals either leading a revolution, or joining forces with the peasants, is nevertheless unconvincing. The intellectuals turned somersaults to purge themselves of their rightist misconceptions during the rectification campaign: these slender reeds are not the stuff that counter-revolutionaries are made of. As for the peasants, it is significant that Mao Tse-tung, who saw so clearly the role the peasant could play in the Communist revolution, made an exhaustive trip through rural China in the six months preceding the decision to establish the "People's Communes." More than anyone else, Mao knows what may be expected of the peasants: and his expectation, clearly, is that they will accept, however reluctantly, even this draconic deprivation of personal liberty.

While the assumption that the peasants are restive, or even rebellious, is certainly true, the Nationalists' belief that they are likely to find revolutionary support in the Army is not credible. It is based on the decision of 14,000 Communist prisoners-of-war in Korea to seek sanctuary in Formosa and on somewhat dubious anti-Communist slogans said to have been painted on dud shells fired at Quemoy. Considering the Party's stranglehold on the Army and the high proportion of Party members at all levels, it does not seem within the bounds of possibility that the Army could be expected to play any role in a counter-revolution other than that of Party bulldog. Nor is the Hungarian analogy wholly apposite. In Hungary, Communist authority was installed and maintained by the Soviet Red Army; in China, the Communist revolution began in the grass roots of the country, spreading from Mao's mountain hideout in South China until it embraced the entire country. Though the ideology was alien, the Chinese people sowed the wind that swept the Kuomintang out of China. They may now be reaping the whirlwind, but all the evidence suggests that the hard core of leaders who pricked and goaded the Chinese people into revolt are now more firmly in control than ever before. The Chinese leaders are unique among Communists for their unity. Only Kao Kang, the State planner, who was once tipped as a likely successor to Mao, has fallen by the wayside and into a "suicide's" grave since 1949: and he was not one of the inner ring of comrades headed by Mao Tse-tung and including Liu Shao-chih, Chou En-lai, Chu Teh and Lin Piao, who went through the ordeal of fire on the Long March. There are no deep Party schisms that the foreign observer can detect, no Trotsky, no factions of right or left in the core of Party and Government to prepare a path for Chiang and the Kuomintang.

On the premise, then, that there will be no counter-revolution in China and that Chiang's dream of returning to the mainland must be followed by the nightmare of disillusion, the easy, black and white solution to the Formosan problem might seem to lie in the theory of

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two Chinas. Not only is the theory wholly unacceptable to both Mao and China, however, it is not a proposition that even the eight million Formosan people, the forgotten men of the Far Eastern crisis, are prepared for.

To Mao, the acquisition of Formosa is not only a matter of prestige: however strong his internal defenses may be, he cannot tolerate a hostile, opposition Chinese government at his front door. Though the chances of counter-revolution may be slight and Chiang's hopes of making a comeback even slighter, the embers of dissidence have to be stamped out with the same energy and determination that marked the campaign to eliminate grain-eating sparrows and germ-laden flies. Communist domination of China will not be complete and wholly secure until every square mile of its territory and all who live within it are under absolute control.

To Chiang, now 72 and growing more withdrawn and monastic with the years, the concept of two Chinas is even more abhorrent. To concede this is to concede defeat. Yet no amount of self-indoctrination can wholly conceal the realities of the situation and, distasteful as it may be, he must now appreciate that the chances of an internal uprising on the mainland of sufficient strength to invite an invasion from Formosa are almost as ephemeral as the earlier concept of a glorious military return with China's millions flocking to the standard of freedom. In his book, *Soviet Russia in China—A Summing Up at Seventy*, Chiang enunciated yet another aspect of the theory of return, however. "If the democracies wish to prevent the outbreak of world war and to save mankind from a major calamity, the only way is to substitute a local war in East Asia for an all-out world war and to fight a war with conventional weapons instead of a war of annihilation with thermonuclear weapons," he wrote. His premise was that Western nations should not take part in the war to liberate the people on the Chinese mainland. "All we need from them," he declared, "is moral and material assistance and the supply of arms and technical aid."

In the first perilous weeks of the Far Eastern crisis, Quemoy more than once seemed to promise Chiang his opportunity. Yet, as the Communist artillery bombardment of the island complex made so apparent, the Nationalists' reliance on the United States for assistance went far beyond hardware and advice. The convoys wallowing in the Formosa Strait swell depended entirely on American escort ships to protect them from submarine attack: and though nine years of military training under the general supervision of the American Military Aid Advisory Group, coupled now with an adequate flow of young Formosan recruits, have turned the Nationalist Army into an effective fighting machine incomparably better than anything Chiang commanded on the mainland, it is not without glaring weaknesses and deficiencies. The Nationalists had no plan at Quemoy, for instance, to break the blockade imposed by Communist shellfire. The clearing of beaches and mines and other obstructions, the opening up of new roads from the beaches and the use of convoyed escorts were all made possible, in large part, by direct American participation. Similarly, though the Nationalist Air Force demonstrated its superior skill, with and without Sidewinders, in action against the Communist pilots, its five hundred planes would be overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers in any straight-out conventional war between Peking and Taipeh. Even with full moral and material assistance and the unlimited supply of arms and technical aid from the West, the Nationalists with 10 million people to draw on here in Formosa would stand no chance against Communist China with its 600 million. In fact, the supreme military lesson of the crisis is that America's reliance on the deterrent effect of nuclear weapons has so reduced its conventional capabilities that even the US and Nationalist China together would get the bloodiest of noses in any non-nuclear war with Communist China.

This means that Chiang is faced with two bitter alternatives: he must recognize that his future, and that of the two million exiles who came here from the mainland, lies either in the acceptance of the Communist regime or here, under the United States' nuclear wing, in Fortress Formosa.

When confronted with similar unacceptable alternatives on the mainland, Chiang on three occasions elected to resign and retreated into the mountains to meditate. Having saved face, he chose the most expedient moment to return, past failures absolved. Cynics here point out that should he elect to make a similar decision now, or in the future, Formosa is well provided with suitable mountains, boasting no fewer than ten over nine thousand feet high! Of course, it may be possible for Chiang even now to rationalize the situation. China is, after all, the third Far Eastern country to have been "temporarily" partitioned since the end of World War II, and if Syngman Rhee in Korea would like to march north and Ho Chi-minh in Vietnam would be happy to set off for the south, both manage to endure the makeshift political and military adjustments that have divided their countries without renouncing their inalienable right to unify them when the time is ripe.

In principle, the opportunity exists here for the creation of a separate Formosan State. The hundreds of miles of rough water between the mainland and Formosa have provided the geographic isolation necessary to produce a people who, though basically Fukienese in appearance and culture, have nonetheless developed characteristics of their own. Fifty years of Japanese occupation speeded up the natural processes of environmental change and by the end of World War II the Formosans were rather less Chinese than the Australians, or New Zealanders, are Englishmen.

For the past nine years the two million mainland exiles have been trying to turn back the Formosan clock, to

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eradicate the strong Japanese influences that remain, to teach the people mandarin and generally to persuade the Formosan people that the Nationalists' struggle against the Communists is their struggle, too. In many fields the Nationalists have made progress: the hatreds stirred up by the Nationalist massacre of the Formosans early in 1947 have been largely dissipated by time and wise administration. Though still subject to strict police controls and denied all the liberty they might like, some half million peasant families have every reason to be grateful for the land reform program. Intense Kuomintang indoctrination has also produced a feeling of awe for the Communists. It is nevertheless questionable whether the more sophisticated mainlanders on Formosa are not in danger of being assimilated by the people whose character, loyalties and mode of life they set out to change. There are still some mainlanders who would prefer to nail their flag to the mast and go down fighting the Communists. Others, undoubtedly, find their feeling for the mainland stronger than their ideological doubts. And, finally, there is a third group who, after nine long years of exile, are reconciled to spending their remaining years here. Their children, heavily outnumbered, of course, by Formosan children, go to schools with Formosans, and for all the attempts to mould the Formosans to the mainlanders' shape, the impact of climate, geographical situation and natural environment promise to prevail. If the status quo could be preserved for another generation, there would be no mainlanders of consequence but only Formosans.

To arm-chair diplomatists around the globe no prospect could seem more pleasing! Remove Chiang, hold a plebiscite and one of the world's worst trouble spots will be taken care of. Unfortunately, it is at this point that the situation ceases to be simple and becomes almost unbelievably complex. The fact is that the Formosans after years of subservience have no idea what they want. In quite sharply divided age groups one finds a sentimental attachment for the Japanese and a profound dislike of the mainlanders, a feeling of indifference towards both Nationalists and Communists, a half-expressed desire for independence coupled with an appreciation that the Formosans themselves could not yet run the country without the political and administrative know-how of the Kuomintang. The Japanese built up the economy of the island and oriented it towards Japan.

Today, though the Japanese have gone, Formosa's prosperity (excluding American aid which finances almost half of the country's exports) still depends largely on this trade. Japanese visiting Formosa these days are pleasantly surprised, and sometimes frankly astonished, to find that here is one Asian country where the residue of their occupation is not hate but sincere affection. Many Formosans, especially among the older generation, talk wistfully of becoming a Japanese trust territory. Others, usually in the younger age bracket, seem to favor, though only tentatively, a UN trusteeship, with perhaps the United States as the trustee power. A Free Formosan movement, calling for independence now, is based on a handful of Formosan Nationalists in Tokyo: but, in general, politically articulate Formosans, looking at their $90 million trade deficit each year, and concerned with their own grievous lack of administrative skill and experience, do not wish to embark unescorted on the perilous waters of independence.

Moreover, in the main, they do not seem to want independence at all. Cutting across all other considerations is the feeling that basically mainlanders and Formosans alike are really Chinese and that Formosa's rightful place is as a province of China. The opinion is often irrationally expressed: the businessman who fears the Communists and resents the Kuomintang and talks approvingly only of the Japanese nevertheless still hankers for something that will not be Japanese, or Communist, or Kuomintang, but only Chinese in a form and pattern that does not exist today and is unlikely to exist in the predictable future.

THIS is the factor in the situation that sabotages all comfortable solutions to the Formosan problem. If there were any significant body of opinion that wanted to branch off on its own, to turn Formosa into a viable, self-governing State, then firm United Nations assurances of protection against attack by Communist China and pressure to de-activate the Kuomintang might have some slim chance of success. Though the leaders for such a State might conceivably be found here, the necessary preconditions for such action by the United Nations, or the United States, simply do not exist. Though the years are bringing the mainlanders and the Formosans together and the Formosa of, say, a decade hence promises to be more Formosan than mainlander in composition and outlook, the final chapters of the Formosan story are unlikely to be written in the context of two Chinas, or of one China and one Formosa; by tacit agreement on both sides of the Strait, Formosa seems likely to remain part of one China.

While Mr. Dulles sounded the death knell of Chiang's hopes to make it part of his China, Mao's shells on Quemoy signalled the opening of the Communists' offensive to make it theirs. The seemingly futile bombardment was no defeat for Peking; on the contrary, it was a precise application of Mao's axiom that political power grows out of the barrel of the gun. If his shells caused little hurt among the well-protected gun positions, they sowed the seeds of political doubt among the Nationalists and their American allies and among the Americans and their friends in the West. In Peking, without doubt, the conclusion must be that the campaign has been well begun. Or, as Mao would put it, the preface is written but the main chapters are yet to come.

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# BOOKS & COMMENT

## The Tree of Unhappiness

### by Daniel M. Friedenberg

*The olive is the tree of unhappiness and abnormality. It resembles man in the way it is all twisted and knotted back on itself, as though racked by some evil secret. Like man, too, it clings fiercely to dry and sterile soil. Like man it only bears small fruit. . . .*
MICHEL DEL CASTILLO

WRITTEN by a grotesquely old and wise boy of twenty with the apparent nom de plume of Michel del Castillo, *Child of Our Time* mordantly lives up to its title in the first sentence: "It had all begun with the first shot fired in the Spanish Civil War." *Child of Our Time* is an autobiography of a child, a history of our epoch and a parable of the collapse of a civilization all in one. Like the best of Thomas Mann and Curzio Malaparte, it can be read on one or many levels, to stupefy, shock and purge. It should be compulsory reading for every candidate to a political office or military career.

*Child of Our Time*, by Michel del Castillo, translated from the French by Peter Green (Knopf; $3.75).

Michel del Castillo was born in 1933, the year Hitler came to power, son of a conservative French man of affairs and an aristocratic Spanish woman who "betrayed her class" by entering radical politics as a journalist. With the start of the Spanish Civil War, his father returned to France in disgust with the socialistic ideas of his wife. In barely disguised autobiographic terms, Tanguy, the child, describes what then happens.

Evacuated from the besieged city of Madrid during the last bitter Loyalist resistance, Tanguy and his mother sought refuge in France. After a brief period of reconciliation between the parents, a new dispute rose and the father denounced mother and child as Communists. The Socialist French government promptly interned them in a concentration camp whose atmosphere is familiar to all readers of Arthur Koestler's *Scum of the Earth*. Since, however, Tanguy's mother was richly connected, nominally Catholic and of great beauty, arrangements were made for mother and son to cross the frontier into Spain and continue to Mexico. The mother left first, Tanguy being placed with a Catalan who operated an underground station for French Jews. At the last minute, the Vichy government swooped down in a dragnet operation and delivered the entire group back to the German SS in Paris.

BUT THIS was only the beginning. The Nazis recognized in this child of nine a dangerous Communist — what would he be doing with all those Jews otherwise?—and shipped him to an East German concentration camp. For three years, by miracle or fate according to the terms one prefers, Tanguy managed to survive the most sadistic treatment conceived by man. Deliberate starvation, freezing conditions in unheated barracks, fiendish devices to divide the prisoners in order to break their spirit, brutal work and then the smoking ovens belching oxide of human carbon to the indifferent heavens: Tanguy endured, clutching a photograph of his mother as his last remaining link to mankind.

In a section called "Shattered Illusions," the novel rapidly moves to a new height of terror. Liberation, the long awaited impossible dream, arrives. The Russians shoot the guards, the barbed wire is torn down, Tanguy is triumphantly returned to Paris to the sound of bands playing the Marseillaise. He is French indeed but his French father is indifferent. He is shipped back to Spain . . . to the awaiting arms of an orphanage and reformatory run by Spanish priests that is a replica of the German concentration camp from which he was liberated, rendered doubly worse by the mockery of claimed Christian values. As Tanguy expresses it: "When the Germans murdered their prisoners they were at least faithful to their own terrible principles. They showed some consistency in their sadism. But these Brothers

## The Passing Storm

THE AIR is heavy with the passing storm.
The earth lies calm and free and glad again.
Through all its pores the flowering lilac bush
Drinks deep the pure cool freshness of the plain.

The world's reborn, transfigured by the storm.
The gutters shed a flood of rain. Now fair
And vast the blue beyond the shrouded sky,
And bright the ranges of celestial air.

But more exalted far the poet of power,
Who washes clean the dust and grime away,
When by his art emerge transformed the harsh
Realities and truths of naked day.

Then memories of decades with the storm
Retreat. Free from the past of tutelage,
Our century demands the time has come
To clear a passage for the coming age.

No swift upheaval swelling of itself
Can make the way for our new life to be;
Our hope—the message of a spirit kindled
By truth revealed and magnanimity.

*Spring 1958* BORIS PASTERNAK
*Translated from the Russian by Eugene M. Kayden*

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went to Mass every morning and even made the boys act as acolytes."

With the aid of a friend Tanguy makes his escape. A doctor has given him a letter to the Society for the Protection of Minors, an ecclesiastical institution run along more humane lines. He is sent to a Jesuit school in Andalusia run by a Father Pardo, the only person in a position of authority in the entire book who does not use his power for deliberately sadistic purposes. There he has a brief idyll of happiness. But Tanguy is overwhelmed by a desire to belong to someone, to be a child like other children. He refuses to believe his father was as bad as his memory paints him. He looks for excuses, reasons for the rejection by his father. And he decides to return to France, to seek out his parents.

Refused a visa at Madrid, ashamed to return to school and face his comrades, the boy (now eighteen) seeks work in the industrial suburbs of Barcelona. By dint of twelve hours labor a day plus three hours overtime at night in a cement factory, he manages to earn just enough to pay for room and board. But a strike breaks out and, informed by a company spy that Tanguy attended the Strike Meeting, he is discharged. Tanguy has barely enough money to go to San Sebastian, at the French frontier. Starving, at wits' end, he permits himself to be seduced by a homosexual who then pays for his trip to Paris.

And so the adolescence of Tanguy reaches its end. He meets his father, who is a representative of the most loathsome of the French *haute bourgeoisie*, collaborateur, cheat, coward. He finds his mother who is still an ardent Socialist, so involved with the Revolution she had no time to waste finding out what happened to her son.

We have had many studies of modern depravity. What makes this book different is its ring of truth. The child tells his tale; there is no falsetto voice of sentiment and no moralizing. It was not without reason that Jean Cocteau in a French review wrote that after reading the book he would never dare complain of anything again.

In the line running from Celine's *Journey to the End of the Night* to Valtin's *Out of the Night* to Malaparte's *Kaputt* and thence to Michel del Castillo, we have an accelerated graph of that spiritual collapse which is the inner history of our time. The frightful truth of 20th Century politics lies precisely in its domination by sadists. Paradise is always only around the corner if we can destroy the enemy and terrorize the dissident. Thus, when Tanguy marches in the strike procession through the streets of Barcelona, he clairvoyantly senses what would happen in Spain when the workers realized their strength:

> Listening to their wild laughter, their threats and insults, he knew in agony that one day these men would stream out into the streets again, not calmly this time but hot for blood. And when that day came, there would once more be neither conquerors nor conquered, but only victims.

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# *Law and Reason*

## *by Alexander M. Bickel*

JOHN P. FRANK is well qualified, by his service in 1942 as law clerk to Mr. Justice Black and by experience as both an academic and a practicing constitutional lawyer, to treat his subject—the Supreme Court of the United States. He is qualified also to address himself to a general audience, for he can write. The first couple of chapters, describing the Court's jurisdiction and some of the practical limitations under which the Court labors, are quite good. Even here there is a point or two which, as stated, will not command general professional agreement, and which might consequently have been better left unstated or explored further. But the chapters are thoughtful and lucid, and what they say is important. Mr. Frank concludes: "The Court has power, and great power, but it is no puppet-master pulling the strings of American life." Some further pages explode rather skillfully the old fallacy that only men who have had prior judicial experience should be appointed to the Court.

*Marble Palace—The Supreme Court in American Life*, by John P. Frank (Knopf; $5).

What is wrong with the rest of the book can be stated briefly and comprehensively, because the book does have a unifying idea, or rather a unifying lack of one idea. Mr. Frank does not believe in the organic relation of law and reason. I don't know just what Mr. Frank thinks law is, but I cannot help surmising that he would consider it a shrewd and penetrating observation if a Justice of the Supreme Court were to define his function as "the finding of bad reasons for what we believe on instinct." (The author of the phrase is F. H. Bradley, the British philosopher. Walter Kaufmann, who quotes it in his *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*, points out that Bradley added, "the finding of these reasons is no less an instinct." Mr. Kaufmann observes that "it ought to be the aim of philosophy to teach men to master this instinct and become housebroken." That is a function of law as well.)

Mr. Frank is little interested in how a case is decided. The reasoning of an opinion, he remarks at one point, if faulty, is a matter of "a technical failure." It is all very well and good to have on the Supreme Court men of first rate intellectual powers. But: "More important than reason is the quality of creativeness." This in turn is evidently the capacity to come up often with something new. Thus on the merits he disapproves of the Court's efforts to erect rigid barriers against economic and social legislation in the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries. These were results Mr. Frank dislikes. Yet he is ecstatic in his appreciation of the Court's performance in those years: "For sheer creativeness there has never been anything like it." That was a great Court. The bad Court for Mr. Frank is a sort of "do-nothing" Court. When he touches

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on the Vinson years he sounds like Mr. Truman denouncing the 80th Congress. And he is always much preoccupied with the volume of the Court's output. Productivity is the watchword; brief, muscular, simply-written opinions that come to a clear "creative" conclusion, not concurrences, or dissents (except sometimes) and not reflective essays.

THERE have been various careful, sometimes painful, always worried formulations of the role the Court ought to play in the American system of government; whether it ought to exercise more or less restraint, and just how confidently it ought to exert its power in a variety of substantially differing situations. Mr. Frank, it seems to me, has come up with a new formulation, certainly the simplest and most sweeping of the lot. He tells the Court in effect: "Don't just sit there; do something."

Just now, Mr. Frank is happy, because he is a liberal and he likes the results the Court is reaching, which he considers liberal. He wishes there were more of them. There were times, however, when the results were bad. Surely Mr. Frank doesn't think such times can never recur. And when they do, what then? Mr. Frank reacts to the Court's work precisely as he would to the work of Congress or a President. But Mr. Frank is a voter. Congresses and Presidents come and go, and Mr. Frank participates in making them do so. How he can tolerate, let alone want more of, an institution insulated from popular control yet free to make policy in accordance with the personal predilections or interests of its members, I cannot understand.

The Supreme Court is, of course, compatible with government by the consent of the governed because it is not free to make policy after the fashion of the representative institutions. Its process is different. It responds not to pressures, but to reason. When driven to judgments whose ultimate validity is not demonstrated by reasoned argumentation, it is guided and restricted in its choices by the meticulously recorded history of upwards of 150 years of litigation, which embodies choices tried and accepted, or tried and found wanting, before. Even here, therefore, reasoned elaboration of earlier value judgments is possible and is required. Thus the process is the all-important thing about the Court, since it is the justification for its existence. Analysis such as Mr. Frank disdains to undertake will show that in periods when the Court was "creatively" reaching results that are deplored today by Mr. Frank and by nearly everyone else, or when, as in the Vinson years, it condoned things it should not have been willing to abide, that was because it lost sight of the criteria that should govern its work. The integrity of the process not only offers the only assurance of the quality of the results, but it offers a pretty reliable assurance, too.

I cannot end without commenting on an aspect of this book that is minor but most extraordinary. Mr. Frank strongly condemns the efforts of recent scholarship to evaluate, on the basis of past Justices' papers, some of the interplay that takes place among them in the decision of cases. These are things that are, of course, wholly secret at the time. Though as I should no doubt disclose I am one of the condemned, it happens that I agree with Mr. Frank that extreme care wants to be taken in publishing papers which were originally confidential. I think it is all largely a question of time elapsed. Mr. Frank does not. He thinks any "revelations" at any time may "dry up" "the free give-and-take of a secret conference"—a tenable view.

What I find absolutely unsettling is that on the very page following the one where he states his view, Mr. Frank quotes at some length a memorandum describing and criticizing the manner in which the "secret conference" was typically conducted under Chief Justice Hughes. The source is a "confidential communication to the author from someone in a position to observe the pre-1937 Court." A little further on, Mr. Frank dips into his own experience to reveal that law clerks are sometimes used as ghost-writers. Again, having drawn on the revelations — condemned earlier — about a certain case in Professor Mason's biography of Chief Justice Stone, Mr. Frank cheerfully proceeds to divulge that "the story is more fully revealed in a letter to me by [the late] dissenting Justice Rutledge shortly after the opinion." And the letter, describing a good deal of secret "free give-and-take," follows for two pages.

IN his condemning mood, Mr. Frank writes: "The use of confidential notes may make it extremely unlikely that there will be any more confidential notes left around for biographers." Many more books like Mr. Frank's, and, if what he says is true, no Justice will ever write another letter or hire another law clerk.

# *Pre-Season Art Books*

## *by Frank Getlein*

AS EVERY PARENT knows, toy manufacturers have been working steadily to branch out from the month before Christmas and make toy buying an all the year round proposition. For the same reasons, art book publishers have been doing the same thing. December will continue to be the month in which to make it or not; before that frenzy is upon us, let us look at the summer's produce.

Skira, which used to dominate the field without half trying, is getting some excellent competition not only in quality of reproduction, but especially in creative imagination applied to publishing. Two American firms are outstanding in this, Harry Abrams and the New York Graphic Society. Abrams has always been a merchandising genius, but his list has been pedestrian through the years. It is so no longer. *Grünewald,* by Nikolaus Pevsner and Michael Meier ($15) is in the sound, scholarly tradition of the Abrams series in which it appears and which has concentrated on 19th Century French plus El Greco and Rembrandt, all odds-on favorites from a merchandising point of view. The early 16th Century master is obviously a long-shot and the book deserves to come in. Beautifully detailed photography provides a better examination of the Isenheim altar-piece than you can make on the spot. The German agony comes through as a Christian interpretation of equal validity to the Italian serenity or *terribilita* of the time.

Perhaps the strongest evidence of creative imagination at Abrams is *French Impressionists in the Louvre.* The field has been so thoroughly harvested that only publishing genius could glean a new crop. Abrams has done it. A companion volume to *The Louvre* ($7.50

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each) the book is written by Germain Bazin, curator-in-chief of the museum. Bazin has an easy style and is vastly informative about the relations between art and his institution. Taken together, the two books offer a realistic history of an enterprise haphazardly grown great. Each has about 100 color plates and about 250 black and whites.

Abrams surpasses even this, however, in *The Thrones of Earth and Heaven,* ($17.50) a collection of 182 dramatic, evocative photographs taken over ten years in the Mediterranean area by Roloff Beny, and encompassing the whole of antique culture plus significant views of the works of Islam, of Venice, of Spain and southern France. Since the early 19th Century, this material has yielded either regrets for a golden age or "My name is Ozymandias." Beny's wonderfully expressive photographs—and their frankly cinematic angles and cropping—somehow combine the two. Essays by Freya Stark, Bernard Berenson, Rose Macaulay, Stephen Spender and Jean Cocteau don't reach anywhere near the level of the pictures, but they try. Imprimatur by Herbert Read.

THE New York Graphic Society, not too long ago, was known chiefly for sporting prints and colored reproductions of pictures for all settings, a kind of latter day Currier and Ives. The Society's publication of the UNESCO art books has been reported here. To the series has been added, at $18, another handsome, oversize volume of pre-Columbian painting in Mexico. The promise of high quality, serious purpose and publishing imagination implicit in the UNESCO series is more than kept in the Society's current list. In art history, its major offering is the three volume *Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh* ($50). The confusion of an artist's work with an artist's life that really begins with Van Gogh has led to dreadful things in our time, but this can not be blamed on him, nor does it detract from the meaning of his life. The total dedication and the tender concern for the men and women he met shine through the letters, which are illustrated with the drawings and water colors he enclosed. Even after a generation of exploitation, the sheer saintliness of the man survives in these documents.

New York Graphic also brings out one of the most ambitious projects of the year, *Heads, Figures and Ideas,* ($30) a beautifully printed selection from the notebooks and working drawings of the British sculptor, Henry Moore. Whether a pen is scratching nervously over a surface, or a wash is being carefully laid on to indicate volume in the finished sculpture, or pencilled notes are being correlated to sketches, the plates give the feeling of the tracks of an authentic artist at work. In many ways, this volume is more satisfactory than a collection of photographs of the finished, three dimensional pieces could be. The progress from figure to form works backwards as well as frontwards and the sketches communicate the same life that is felt in the sculptures. The book contains a Moore lithograph; a small edition is signed by Moore and specially bound at $60; and a private edition at $300 has a water color.

The Moore drawings are more or less by-products of the sculpture. Drawings for the sake of drawings are available in a series of books either newly published or reissued by Yoseloff. At $7.50 the volume, John Rewald does Renoir and Gauguin, Alfred Neumeyer, Cézanne. In many cases, the drawings relate to well known paintings, but in all cases, the drawings are worth attention for themselves. The series is particularly interesting because of the critical and even symbolic importance attached to drawing or anti-drawing throughout the 19th Century. All three of the men so far presented would normally be ranged on the anti-drawing side, yet their drawings are beautiful.

SKIRA'S contribution to this pre-season continues to live on its publishing imagination of some time back. *Romanesque Painting,* ($22.50) in the Great Centuries of Painting series, adds immeasurably to one's knowledge and appreciation of a period that was primarily sculptural and architectural. Romanesque painting was either very big or very small; Andre Grabar handles the murals, Carl Nordenfalk the manuscript illuminations, as in the earlier *Medieval Painting.* In Skira's "Taste of Our Time" series, ($5.75) recent additions are *Modigliani,* with a romantic life-and-work text by Claude Roy, and *Carpaccio,* by Terisio Pignatti. The latter is gratefully received, especially for the full treatment of the St. Ursula pictures. And yet, whose time?

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## MOVIES

# *Huston: The Broken Promise*

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY to appraise a director's work arises with the virtually simultaneous release of two new films by John Huston, *The Roots of Heaven* and *The Barbarian and the Geisha.* It turns out to be a sad occasion because neither of these pictures is good; more sadly, neither of them makes a really honest effort to be good. The first is more pretentious than the second, but essentially they are both only blockbuster packages of Technicolor.

*The Roots of Heaven* (20th Century-Fox); *The Barbarian and the Geisha* (20th Century-Fox).

The term "integrity," in American art, is generally taken at the low level where it merely means resistance to commercial pressure. Huston has now so far declined that it is at this minimal level that his two new films must be judged—and found wanting. Compromise set its seal on him in *Moulin Rouge*, with its confectionery *vie bohème* and its Zsa Zsa Gabor; it was evident again in *Moby Dick*. (What director of integrity would not have preferred to leave the picture unmade rather than use the wooden Gregory Peck as the titanic Ahab?); I haven't seen *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* because I couldn't flog myself into seeing a picture about a Marine and a nun marooned on a Pacific island; and now we have these two films, which finally rivet the collar around Huston's neck.

He has made some fine films: *The Maltese Falcon, The Asphalt Jungle, The African Queen, Beat the Devil, Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (which I saw again recently and think his best). He made an ambitious failure in *The Red Badge of Courage*. These films are, in their foundations, as far as possible from his latest, even though the new ones are varnished with experience. In a recent interview with him and his agent, Huston expatiated on his dreams and ideals and his next pictures. The agent interpolated: "On these, John will get the usual five-figure flat payment plus a substantial participation." Let's not be money-snobs; it's past question that a man can be both a true and a rich artist. But this dual interview seemed to be held with one man with a split *persona.* Huston has by now become yet another example of promise unfulfilled, a talent corrupted — not implemented — by success.

*The Roots of Heaven* is based on Romain Gary's allegorical novel about a man named Morel who goes to Africa to devote himself to a campaign against the slaughter of the elephant herds. Besides his affection for the great beasts, he takes them as examples of strength without aggressiveness and takes the ivory poachers and sportsmen as examples of venality and viciousness. Like Budd Schulberg's recent *Wind Across the Everglades*, which deals with an Audubon Society agent's struggle to protect swamp birds, the success of the script *per se* depends on whether the surface facts can be made to deepen: whether (in this case) the elephant can be transformed from actuality to symbol: whether indeed the very word "elephant" can be stripped of its faintly comic overtone. In this the script fails, and inevitably then there is a hint of the ridiculous in the dialogue. When Morel prevents a companion from shooting an opponent of theirs, the companion asks, "Whose side are you on — ours or theirs?", and Morel replies, "Neither. I'm with the elephants." At the end, when an American press photographer suddenly sees the basic beauty of the crusade and throws away his cameras to follow Morel, he exclaims, "I'm a free American citizen. I can help save elephants, too."

THE PRIMARY count against Huston is that he consented to direct this clumsy, overlong script. Its major errors of flatulence and muddy, mechanical switches of motivation are accompanied by numerous small flaws, such as the line "I don't know why I'm telling you all this" and three arbitrarily inserted disrobings of Juliette Greco. The Huston who did *Sierra Madre* would have lighted his cigar with this script. But he then goes on to compound matters by directing this bombastic and unsound screenplay in a completely pedestrian manner. We know by the end of the first two minutes that the old Huston touch is missing. The movie begins with a jerkily edited short sequence of an elephant hunt, capped with a mysterious and threatening off-screen voice, like a TV serial. Then it moves to a long shot of a hotel in Fort Lamy, and we see Miss Greco coming down the steps. From that we cut to the first of many obviously inserted close-ups, the kind of trickery that the old film-factories employed when building up a star—exactly the sort of practice whose opposite Huston used to represent.

ON WE GO from this disappointing introduction through a film of well over two hours' length (presented in New York with a ten-minute intermission), unadorned with any touch of directorial imagination except the use and overuse of one device: a character large


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12. **Robert M. Hutchins,** President, Fund of the Republic
13. **James McBride Dabbs,** Southern author & businessman

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in the foreground, at one side, past whom we see some significant action. No frames are exceptionally well composed, no sequences have the angles and editing that used to hurtle Huston pictures forward, none of it is distinguished by what used to be the Huston forte: the invention of naturalistic "business" and the seemingly accidental intrusion of the camera, which convinced us that we were getting a peep at an exciting segment of private life in a real world: like a series of animated newspaper shots. The actors are plumped down in front of the camera, speak their pieces loud and clear, and then we plod on to another scene. Missing are the sense that we are cutting to the heart of a situation and the feeling (which Toscanini's music so often gave us) that the rhythm is superbly controlled but is just this side of bursting its bonds. There is no use of the form of the film itself to comment on its subject.

And it *is* dishonest. Is it conceivable that the Huston of *The African Queen* would have permitted the shot in which Miss Greco, after days of travel by truck, after a night in a native hut and a walk through the underbrush, appears in a neatly blocked felt hat prettily tied under her chin?

As for the cast, Trevor Howard works manfully to persuade us that elephants can provide the friendship (the script's word) which human beings so badly need. Miss Greco is unimpressive. Errol Flynn repeats the performance of a drunken English ex-officer that he gave in *The Sun Also Rises*. Paul Lukas is effective in a brief appearance as an old Africa hand, and Orson Welles, unusually restrained, contributes a good sketch of a bulbous TV commentator.

In most respects *The Barbarian and the Geisha* is no better. Its story, based on the exploits of Townsend Harris, the first American consul in Japan, is less pretentious than *Roots* but has little dramatic interest. However, if you can go to it without expecting anything of what a Huston picture once was, you can see some exquisite color photography of Japan. There are sequences in it that are as lovely as any color film I have seen since the Japanese *Gate of Hell* and for the same reason: the scenery and the clothes are beautiful. But what a reason for commending a Huston film!

The color camera is not equally kind to John Wayne (Harris) who looks bruised most of the time. As the geisha who is sent to entertain him and falls fruitlessly in love with him, Eiko Ando is pretty but unmoving. Sam Jaffe, long absent from films, can do little with the "feed" part of Wayne's aide.

On re-reading what I've written here, I'm convinced that it is mild compared with what the Huston of 1948 would have wrtten about these two pictures.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

## RECORDS

# *Mostly Antiquities*

One of several records with the beautiful English vocal music of the late 16th and early 17th centuries is Experiences Anonymes EA-0034, with songs of Dowland that include several especially fine ones: "Flow, My Tears," "Weep You No More, Sad Fountains," "I Saw My Lady Weep," "Flow Not So Fast, Ye Fountains," "In Darkness Let Me Dwell." They are sung superbly by the counter-tenor Russell Oberlin, with excellent lute accompaniments by Joseph Iadone, who adds two solo performances —one of them of the *Lachrimae Antiquae Pavan* that Dowland derived from "Flow, My Tears."

Vanguard BG-576, devoted to English lute songs, offers a number by Dowland, Pilkington, Morley, Campion and others, of which Campion's "Care-Charming Sleep" and the anonymous "Have You Seen But a Whyte Lillie Grow" are outstanding. Alfred Deller's counter-tenor is peculiar in timbre and not always attractive, but his inflection of it is extraordinarily sensitive and affecting; and his singing is admirably supported by Desmond Dupré's lute. The record also offers several *In Nomines* by Bull, Tomkins, Taverner, Tye and White, played well by the In Nomine Players, a group of viols and cello.

In addition Vanguard BG-577 and 578 have *The English Madrigal School Volumes 3 and 4*—the first devoted to Morley, the second to Wilbye. All the pieces are lovely, and some especially fine: Morley's "Miraculous Love's Wounding," "Hark, Alleluia Cheerly," "Leave This Tormenting," "Say, Gentle Nymphs" and "Hard By a Crystal Fountain"; and Wilbye's "Happy, O Happy He," "Draw On, Sweet Night," "Weep, Weep, Mine Eyes," "I Always Beg" and "Oft Have I Vowed." And the Deller Consort's performances are marvelous in their refinement of vocal tone and phrasing.

Some of the superb melodic and declamatory vocal writing that Purcell did later in the 17th Century is heard in the four pieces sung by the soprano Gloria Davy on London 5395: "Not All My Torments," "If Music Be the Food of Love," "Man Is For the Woman Made" (from *The Mock Marriage*) and "From Rosy Bowers" (from *Don Quixote*). The performances—with Giorgio Favoretto's enlivening execution of Benjamin Britten's effective realizations of the figured-bass parts — are excellent; but the words that are articulated so well by Purcell's music are not always intelligible in Miss Davy's singing; and no texts are provided for these songs or for the others on the record: four by Brahms, Poulenc's *Fiançailles pour rire* and Joaquin Turina's *Poema en forma de canciones*.

A little more than half of side 2 of Angel 45027 has Purcell's affecting *Music For the Funeral of Queen Mary*, which was performed also at his own funeral, and which is sung and played beautifully by the Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra. On the rest of the record is a good performance of Bach's *Magnificat*, a work I find less interesting, in which Jones has, in addition to his chorus and orchestra, a solo group com-

### Notes on Contributors

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG is a New York businessman. BORIS PASTERNAK is the controversial Soviet poet and novelist who just received the Nobel Prize for literature (see page 5). EUGENE M. KAYDEN, a professor at the University of the South, is preparing an English version of a volume of Pasternak's poems.

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prising Ilse Wolf, Helen Watts, Richard Lewis and Thomas Hemsley.

Capitol-EMI G-7113 offers a good performance of Mozart's *Requiem,* in which Kempe conducts the Berlin Philharmonic, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin, and a solo group comprising Elisabeth Gruemmer, Marga Hoeffgen, Josef Traxel and Gottlob Frick. The voices of Gruemmer and Frick are better than those of Irmgard Seefried and William Warfield in Bruno Walter's performance on Columbia ML-5012; but the occasional more effective pacing and the greater rhetorical expansiveness of Walter's performance make it more powerful than Kempe's; and it is reproduced more clearly.

THE EXTRAORDINARY young pianist Glenn Gould, on Columbia ML-5274, again electrifies one's mind and holds it fascinated with the sharply incisive shaping and the continuous tension of the objects in sound that he makes of Haydn's Sonata No. 3, Mozart's Sonata K.330 and the less interesting Mozart Fantasia and Fugue K.394. And he amazes one with the delicacy of the Mozart sonata after the hair-raising force of the Haydn.

As against this energy and sharpness, which points up the lively operation of the Haydn mind, Artur Balsam's performance of the same sonata on Washington 430 is all fluency and curves; and this is true of the other Haydn sonatas on the record. And on Washington 401 Balsam plays with similar unenlivening fluency the wonderful Beethoven Bagatelles Op. 126, which have the concentrated brevity, the abrupt shifts of thought, feeling and style, and occasionally the remoteness and strangeness, of Beethoven's late writing for the piano. The record also offers several earlier short pieces by Beethoven: the Fantasia Op. 77, Ecossaises, Rondos Op. 51, *Fuer Elise* and the Minuet in G.

Gieseking's playing in Schubert's Impromptus Opp. 90 and 142, on Angel 35533/4, is satisfying at times; but much of the time it is made pallid and lifeless by his practice of reducing anything less than *forte* to a finely-drawn *pianississimo*; and the wonderful Op. 90 No. 1 is further deprived of force by the lethargic tempo.

One of Brahms' finest works, his Variations on a Theme of Paganini, is performed with technical brilliance and musical skill—except for a miscalculated tempo in Variation 10 of Book 1—by the Russian pianist Victor Merzhanov on Monitor 2013 (with Scriabin's Sonata No. 5 and a few of his Etudes).

As for harpsichord recordings, Experiences Anonymes EA-0033 offers Handel's superb Suite No. 8 in F minor, played effectively by Paul Wolfe; and the Suites Nos. 14 in G and 15 in D, which I found uninteresting—only to discover, when I played Landowska's pre-war recording of No. 15, that in her slower tempo and more spacious style and with her sharper inflection of phrase this suite also was a fine piece.

And the very name of Gaspard Le Roux was unknown to me before Overtone 15 arrived to make me acquainted with his *Pieces de clavecin* (1705), which turned out to be charming and to be played delightfully by Albert Fuller.

B. H. HAGGIN

# Correspondence

*(Continued from page 3)*

than the nature of the moral and social problems raised by Mr. Nabokov's creation of his heroine. I should also add that I was reviewing the shortened and much expurgated excerpt from the book in the *Anchor Review.*

It is too bad, perhaps, that American progressive education, American camp-life and roadside civilization should appear in such a grim light in so good a book. But novels by Dostoevsky and Conrad have survived the wicked political and social caricatures on which they often lean for effect. I suspect Nabokov's novel will survive and that we'll just have to come to terms with it somehow. I still think it is a wonderful book.

R. W. FLINT

*Cambridge, Mass.*

## *". . . elementary errors"*

ONE is almost embarrassed to point out the elementary errors in *NR's* editorial venture into literary criticism. The most dignified fluff is identifying the "hero" of *Lolita,* Humbert Humbert, with its creator, Vladimir Nabokov. Humbert at the moment of seduction, finding solace for his own perversion in what he wishes to see as Lolita's depravity, can hardly be imagined, as you picture him, delivering Nabokov's "moral." Besides, Humbert ultimately does grow (as characters in novels frequently do) to recognize his own guilt in degrading her:

> Unless it can be proven to me . . . that in the infinite run it does not matter a jot that a North-American girl-child named Dolores Haze had been deprived of her childhood by a maniac, unless this can be proven (and if it can, then life is a joke). . . .

And by then it is too late for Humbert, or for the reader, to continue trying to pass a tragic life off as a joke.

You also imply that Nabokov's moral position extends no further than satire of middle-class roadside squalor. But the moral point of *Lolita* lies rather in what the recherché European discovers behind the billboards of America: purity of landscape beside depravity in motels, and beneath the "philistine vulgarity" a kind of fruitless innocence which his own creative debauchery can only kill. For Lolita never escapes the print of Humbert's lust; the spark of *Time's* "good life" (a Coaltown shack!) perishes—before it ever really lived—

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in Gray Star, where "Mrs. Richard F. Schiller" (Lolita, she) dies giving birth to a stillborn girl. And this too is part of the tragedy of *Lolita*.

Finally, *Lolita* is not a social document but a work of art whose humor can be missed only by morose reformers like John Ray, Jr., the pious Ph.D. of Nabokov's hilarious "Introduction." Indeed the book parodies case-studies, as well as mysteries, tour-guides, and pulp romances, by viewing comically their ersatz realities. For *Lolita's* humor, and its greatness, lies in Nabokov's ability to detonate American idiom against its own clichés, and thus to melt down, as no gloomy social pronunciamentos now can, the banal in American culture.

PAUL LAUTER

*Hanover, N. H.*

### ► *What Is a Hipster?*

SIRS:

WHAT is a hipster? ("The Organization Man vs. the Hipster," by Robert E. Fitch, *NR*, October 13). I never saw the word before. Please explain.

R. E. ADER

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*. . . Dean Fitch replies*

THE hipster is the opposite of the "organization man." He is deliberately a non-conformist, an irrational and irresponsible individualist, socially maladjusted and proud of it. But he is not a rebel for some cause of truth, or of beauty, or of justice; he is a rebel without a cause.

The irony in Knowland's political hipsterism is that he seems to be unaware of it. Apparently he really believes that he still acts on principle, that he is still in close touch with the people of California. But most of the voters, as well as those who are running on the Republican ticket with him, can see the reality.

ROBERT E. FITCH

*Berkeley, Calif.*

### ► *George Leader's Liberalism*

SIRS:

THE disgracefully misinformed article on Governor George Leader in the October 20 issue of *The New Republic* amounts to a political libel upon an authentically liberal and politically able Governor. *The New Republic* should know that in addition to the really remarkable bootstrap operations in Mental Health, Welfare, and Education to which it so condescendingly refers, the Leader administration put into the books the model program for the nation in industrial development for a sagging state economy, the best (repeat, best) anti-wiretap law in the nation, and a working and workable FEPC law, the first such law in Pennsylvania history.

All of these gains were made in the teeth of ordinarily insurmountable obstacles—a Republican senate in the Governor's first biennial legislative session and strong Republican majorities in both houses of the General Assembly in the second session. Only the most astute political handling could have accomplished these ends.

Governor Leader's political courage was amply demonstrated in his handling of the occasional bad apples which appeared in his administration. To mangle a metaphor, they were not swept under the political rug. Uniquely in Pennsylvania political history errant party members in state employment were indicted and convicted.

The sales tax about which *The New Republic* is concerned was forced by a Republican Senate's obstinate refusal for 17 months to pass two tax programs proposed by the administration and passed by a Democratic House. Only when schools were about to close for lack of funds for teachers' salaries, and the Commonwealth was running on borrowed funds did the Governor concede.

What does *The New Republic* demand in its criteria for a good Governor, blood?

HARRY E. SEYLER

*York, Pa.*

### ► *T.R.B. & the Farmers*

SIRS:

DIGRESSING completely from context, T.R.B. says (*NR*, October 20) that "Pro-farm bias is a scandal of American politics." It is indeed disillusioning—and downright shameful in the light of present politics and economy—to find *The New Republic* lined up here with the Tory press. The unwitting combination of big business, which continues non-competitive upward pricing, big labor which negotiates its increasing demands under the aegis of legal protection related to those very prices and big government, which toadies to the former and fears the latter, is the real scandal.

The plight of the increasingly hard pressed and fast dwindling farm population, pressed by sharply decreased prices for what they sell and by steadily advanced arbitrary costs — and compelled, therefore, to increase their unit production greatly in order to survive—indicates no scandal except the very prejudice of the urban press against them.

If T.R.B. had looked about him, when summer vacationing in upstate Delaware County, New York, he would have found some of these folks. They still pitch the hay and milk the cows. And, if they have a pro-farm bias, it does not originate in politics.

GEORGE D. TAYLOR

*Stamford, New York*

### ► *Relief for Lebanon*

SIRS:

OUR Quaker representative in Lebanon has cabled a plea for additional funds for relief feeding. A few weeks ago the American Friends Service Committee sent $3,000 for emergency use in both rebel-held and government territory. Lebanese and other Friends are able to cross religious and political lines to meet urgent human needs.

Hunger has struck more people in Lebanon than had at first been realized. We foresee the need of at least $30,000 for supplementary feeding during the next few months.

Our help is going primarily to families where the breadwinner has been killed or wounded. For $10 we can provide a family with a month's food staples. Contributions may be sent to the AFSC, 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Even after civil strife is ended, the need will go on as an aftermath of hostilities that have so tragically erupted. A prompt response to the human need in Lebanon from the American people may help assuage the bitterness recent events have provoked.

LEWIS M. HOSKINS
*Executive Secretary*
*American Friends Service Committee*

**The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.**

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